

## Snacks At Bedtime

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Category: Babylon 5  
Genre: Romance  
Language: English  
Status: In-Progress  
Published: 1999-12-01 09:00:00  
Updated: 1999-12-01 09:00:00  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 09:47:17  
Rating: M  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 3,930  
Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)  
Summary: A Romantic John and Delenn piece, but with some adult overtones.

## Snacks At Bedtime

"Snacks at Bedtime" By Pam Buck BDBANZAI@aol.com

Writer's Note: This story originally started out as an explanation, or rather, an example to show my fianc   the subtle differences in fan fiction. His question was "What do you consider Tasteful, Erotica, and Porn?" I decided to write him a story including elements of each. The story is broken up into three parts, but is still one continuing story. Oh, by the way, my porn section is quite tame, by fan fiction standards. As always, the characters of John and Delenn Sheridan belong to J.M.S.

Historian's Note: This story takes place basically any time during fifth season since all Sheridan does is sit behind the Interstellar Alliance Presidential Desk.

## Tasteful

Take me now, baby, as I am. Hold me close and try and understand  
Desire is hunger, is the fire I breathe. Love is a banquet on which  
we feed Come'on now try and understand, the way I feel under your  
command

## Song Lyric - 1993

It had been a long day filled with meetings, arguments, trade agreements, and petty bickering. In other words, a typical day for the president of the Interstellar Alliance, John Sheridan. It was already quite late in the evening as John grabbed his key card out of his jacket pocket and inserted it into the lock on his quarters. As the door slid open, John poked his head through the opening. Looking around before entering his quarters, John noticed nobody was present.

\*Good. She's not home yet.\* John thought. He grabbed his package he had stashed just outside the door, just in case Delenn had been home, and placed it on the counter top next to his bowl of oranges. Peering inside the bag, he smiled to himself, pleased with his purchases. He absently wondered to himself how much time he had before Delenn would return home. Shrugging out of his jacket, he placed it over the back of the barstool. Walking over to the Babcom display, he queried the computer. "Computer, display today's itinerary for Ambassador Delenn." A display of times and meetings scrolled on the screen, ending with a meeting with Ranger Ayres. According to the schedule, the meeting should have been over a half of an hour ago. John glanced down at the small time read-out in the Babcom display. He didn't have much time to prepare. Pouncing for the bag, John snatched it off the counter top and raced to the partitioned off bed room area. Delenn walked into the quarters just as John was sliding the doors of the bedroom area shut. "John?" Delenn called out. She too had a bag of things with her and she set them down in exactly the same place John had placed his bag. She knew he had to be home, since his jacket was carelessly draped over the chair. \*Fifty times I have told him to hang up his jacket.\* she thought. "Out in a second, Delenn," John shouted back from behind the closed doors. Delenn stood just outside the doors to the bedroom area, wondering what the hell was going on in there. She could hear John rustling around, occasionally bumping into pieces of the furniture, accenting each bump with a loud yelp. "Are you all right in there?" she asked. She tried to see in, but the obscure glass made it nearly impossible to see more than just his shadow bustling about. Tired of straining to see, Delenn finally made herself comfortable on the couch in the living area. About 10 minutes later, John emerged from the room, only opening the double doors enough to squeeze himself through. There was a faint flickering of light coming from the bedroom area, as if it were lit by candles. "I was beginning to worry about you," she said, still seated on the couch, "If you hadn't come out in another five minutes, I was going to call Security Chief Allen and have him send in the troops." John looked sheepishly at the floor, as if he had been caught doing something extremely naughty, before breaking out into a giant grin. "I have a surprise for you. It's waiting in the bedroom." John crossed over to the couch to help Delenn stand up. "We've both been so busy with the Alliance, it's time we did something that wasn't discussed in a committee first." He held her hand and walked her over to the doors. "Close your eyes first." John positioned himself between Delenn and doors so she couldn't go in without going through him first. "John...what is going on here? You are acting very strange. Are you sure you are feeling all right? You have been working too much lately, and there has been a lot of strain on you..." she trailed off, noticing John's grin was starting to turn into a strained tight line. "Fine. I will close my eyes, if it will make you happy again. I can't stand that "I-am-not-getting-my-way-" frown of yours." Only when Delenn's eyes were tightly closed, did John finally throw open the doors. He gently guided Delenn to the edge of the bed and help her sit down. "Okay, you can open your eyes now." Delenn blinked and looked around the room. John had lit about twenty candles and placed them through out the room. He had thought for sure he was going to set off the smoke alarms and have half of the fire fighting units of Babylon 5 converging on his quarters within seconds of lighting them, but it hadn't happened yet. Delenn couldn't believe it. "How did you do all this?" Delenn asked. She walked around the room, admiring some of the larger candles. "I bought some of them, and some of them I borrowed from your quarters. Wait! There is more to this than just a bunch of wax melting all over

the top of the dresser. Come back to the bed." Delenn made her way back to the bed and sat back down on the edge. From behind one of the pillows, John pulled out a plate of peeled and segmented oranges. "Sit here," John said, patting the pillows at the top of the bed. Delenn eyed him warily, before crawling up to the top of the bed, and settled in on the pillows. "Relax," he said, cuddling up next to her, "I'm not going to bite you." "I should hope not," she said, lightly pushing him away, "We are still fully clothed." John moved the plate of oranges between the two of them. Swiping an orange off the plate, John dangled it above Delenn's head. "Open up," he ordered. She opened her mouth and John gently fed her the orange slice. She managed to get the whole slice in her mouth without looking like a stuffed chipmunk. Getting the hint, Delenn took one of the orange slices and delicately placed it in John's mouth. He wasn't quite as graceful. Some of the orange juice slid down John's chin, mingling with his whiskers. Before he could wipe his whiskers off, Delenn was kissing away the excess orange juice. The rest of the oranges were temporarily forgotten as Delenn rolled on top of him.

### Erotica

Strange how I falter To find I'm standing in deep water  
Strange how My heart beats To find I'm standing on your shore

### Song Lyric - 1988

"Hey! You're smashing the oranges!" John cried. He grabbed the plate of oranges wedged under Delenn's hip. "Forget the oranges, John. I have something else in mind," Delenn said, as she reached up to start unbuttoning John's blue shirt. She made her way down his shirt, slowly undoing each button and then easing it off his shoulders. She got up to place the shirt on the back of the chair across the room. John looked confused by her actions. "It's my favorite shirt of yours. I don't want it just carelessly tossed on the floor," she explained. John got up off the bed, picking the plate of oranges off the end of it, and moved them to the chair where Delenn had just draped his shirt. He caught her in an embrace before she could get away again. Pulling her tight to his chest, he brushed his lips against her brow, then moved his way down her neck, nipping at it lightly. He could feel his body responding Delenn's gentle caresses, as she lightly stroked his inner thigh through his trousers. John reached for the clasp holding Delenn's ambassadorial robes on. He had become quite adept at undressing her over the course of the time they had been married. In the early days, it had been chore getting through the forty-seven fasteners holding her clothes together. He wondered how she managed to get ready for the day's activities each morning, but like all things Minbari, there was a ritual for it. Delenn deftly stepped out of the robes as they slid to the floor. John stood there, shirtless but still wearing his suit pants, drinking in Delenn's natural beauty. He could feel his breath starting to get ragged as he lead her back to the bed. As she took a seat back on the bed, he stopped briefly to pick Delenn's robes off the floor. "My favorite dress," John clarified. He placed the dress over the back of the chair on top of his shirt. Whipping off his belt, resisting the urge to snap it a couple of times, he threw it near the closet. Before John could sit on the bed, Delenn stopped him. She had him stand in front of her, and she quickly unfastened his slacks. Sliding his slacks to the floor, Delenn stifled a laugh. John had some unique underwear, and today was no exception. The boxer shorts of the day had small Scottie dogs on them. "The next time I am

out, I will pick you up some new boxer shorts. I do not think it is appropriate for the president of the Interstellar Alliance to have underwear with small dogs on them." Pausing again to snicker at him standing in front of her, she continued. "In Valen's name, John, what if there was an accident or worse? What would people say?" Delenn asked, as she slightly tugged at the waistband of the shorts. John grinned from ear to ear. He loved making Delenn laugh and his creative underwear always got a smile. He clutched her around the waist and threw her to the mattress, pinning her underneath himself. "They," he put emphasis on the word 'they', "would say the President had a sense of humor." They laughed together, before John silenced Delenn with a kiss. His kiss started out lightly, but as passion began to consume him, it became stronger, more urgent. Her hands tangled in his hair, scratching at the back of his neck. She pulled her lips away from his, and began nibbling lightly at his neck. Beads of sweat started to pool on John's forehead. He arched his back as Delenn scratched her nails down his spine. Between the two of them, they had their remaining undergarments off and tossed aside within seconds. John was nibbling lightly at Delenn's ear, when a sudden thought struck him. "Damn! Computer, set privacy lock-out on all incoming transmissions until 0500 hour unless they are gold channel or higher." "Confirmed," a disembodied female voice intoned. "All incoming transmissions are halted. Awaiting password confirmation..." "President John J. Sheridan, pass code Obsidian." "Confirmed." "Such a pain in the ass just to turn off the phone," John said to no one in particular. Turning his attentions back to her, "Now where were we?" John resumed nipping at Delenn's neck, while he slowly massaged her breasts. Small moans of pleasure escaped from her half-parted lips. She arched her hips up, begging John to enter her. The comforter on the bed was becoming a tangled heap as the two rolled about on the bed. Finally in desperation, John pushed the comforter on to the floor with his foot. John's sweat slicked chest brushed against Delenn's arousing him even more. He didn't think he would be able to hold out much longer, and Delenn wasn't making it any easier for him. She had begun to stroke his 'manhood'. He eased himself into her, and she took him in inch by inch. "John..." It was barely an articulate word, but John found it even more arousing hearing it come from Delenn in the state she was in. He drove himself deeper, caught in a rhythm of delight. Delenn matched his tempo, rocking her hips and grabbing his buttocks trying to drive him deeper inside. No longer to able to contain himself, he came, whispering her name in her ear. Delenn was just repeating John's name repeatedly, like a mantra as she continued to drive her hips forward. Seconds later, she came with a sigh and a moan. Exhausted, John collapsed on top of her. He rolled off her, and lay face up on the bed staring at the ceiling. She was catching her breath, still resting on her back. "I love you, Delenn," John said, curling to snuggle her. He pressed his nose into the back of her neck, nuzzling it. "I know, but we aren't finished yet," she said.

Porn

Then she took out my mushroom tip  
And when it came out It went drip,  
drip, drip I didn't know she had the G.I. Joe Kung-Fu Grip  
And it went Uhhh...and the girl caressed me down Uhhh...that's the loving  
sound

Song Lyric - 1996

"Huh," John said dumbly. He sat up, and looked over at Delenn, still

lying on her back. "You never want to go twice." He stood up and went into the bathroom, closing the door behind him. Delenn leaped off the bed, still naked, and ran back into the living area to fetch her bag of goodies she had left on the countertop. She was just coming back into the bedroom area when John was exiting the bathroom. "What's in the bag?" he asked. All he could see protruding from the top was a four foot long fluorescent tube, and the bag was labeled Intergalactic Home Depot. He couldn't imagine what Delenn needed at the hardware store. "Strange you should ask that, John. I'm just about to show you exactly what is in the bag." John took a seat at the end of the bed. He had put his plaid robe on while he was in the bathroom. Delenn still stood butt naked while she rifled through the bag. She pulled out the fluorescent tube first. "I'll need that later," she said. John's eyes went wide to coincide with his imagination. She pulled out two lengths of red rope, about three quarters of an inch thick. "Honey...what are you going to do with the rope," he asked. "You will soon see." The last article to pulled from the bag was a roll of two inch duct tape. "Ah, I thought I forgotten to purchase this," she said, holding the duct tape aloft. The color was starting to drain from John's face. "Are you going to repair the duct work on the station? Our quarters could use a little work, but I was thinking more along the lines of pastels." John self-consciously pulled his robe closer together. Delenn brought the two lengths of red rope over to where John was sitting on the bed. He's breath caught in his throat as Delenn straddled his legs, not actually sitting on them, just catching his thighs between hers. "I am not doing any station repairs at this time, John. Give me your wrists." She brought his hands in front of him. "Delenn...are you sure about this? I mean, this is so unlike you." John's face was pale and he was starting to sweat even though he hadn't done physical activity yet. She took the first length of rope, and expertly tied his wrists together. "Ouch!" he cried out. The rope was quite secure, and bit into the flesh every time he tried to loosen his restraints. "Stop struggling and it won't hurt so much," Delenn admonished. She helped him lie back on the bed since he was having a hard time wriggling his butt across the bed without the use of his hands. Once he was positioned in the middle of the bed, she bound his ankles together. This proved to be a bit harder, since he was wriggling around a lot, complaining the entire time. With a bit of effort, however, she managed to securely bind his ankles and legs together with the remainder of the red rope. "What if there is a fire? What if someone comes over? What if the Shadows return right now?" he whined. Delenn was tearing off strips of duct tape, not really paying attention to what exactly he was saying. "You were concerned about my underwear? What if Universe Today got a hold of these pictures?" "There isn't going to be any picture taking. Stop saying 'what if'. Just lay there and enjoy it." She pulled his robe open, but had to leave it on him because she had already tied his wrists with it on. Not that it was going to matter in the long run. She could still get to all the bits that mattered. Slowly she moved her tongue along his ear, nibbling and biting at it. He moaned ever so softly, calling her name. He wanted to reach up and pull her closer to him, but he couldn't with his hands tied up. Each time he reached up, the rope burned another piece of his wrist. She let her tongue slide across his chest, nipping and tickling each nipple in it's wake. Her hands slid down his thigh, stopping to grasp his throbbing cock. Again she moved her tongue down his chest and belly, licking and tasting the salty flesh. She was just at his top of his hips when she just stopped suddenly. John's eyes flew open, disturbed she had stopped just short of the goal. "Now this isn't fair. This is torture. Don't just leave me

hanging here!" John heaved his body forward, doing a sit-up to get up to a sitting position. Delenn had bounded back into the living area. "Delenn....what the HELL!" he yelled. "Keep your pants on!" she shouted back. "I'm looking for something!" He could hear her rummaging through the kitchen drawers." \*She is looking for a knife,\* John thought. \*I've married an Minbari ax murderer. Good work, John. Survive President Clark's interrogation only to be killed by your wife in a compromising position.\* Delenn returned, but she wasn't carrying a knife. She had a small box of mints. \*What the hell is she doing with a box of Altoid mints?\* he asked himself. She popped 4 of them into her mouth, chewing them quickly. With a sense of urgency, she roughly shoved John back on his back with a thrust of her palm against his chest. With a yelp, John fell backward, not quite adjusting for the distance to the head board. With a loud thud, his head connected with head board. . "Owwwww!" "Oh! Sorry!" Delenn sputtered, small bits of white mints spewing forth. She gently eased his head back on the pillow. Now John was seeing stars literally, but Delenn wasn't easing up. She was going straight for the pulsating love rod. With her breath cooled by the 'curiously strong mints', she began sucking on his dick. Despite the pain in his wrists, ankles and head, he began to moan incoherently. Delenn wasn't sure if he was enjoying himself, or he was suffering from the blow to the head. Within seconds of her ministrations, John came as he had never come before. His back arched up, coming completely off the bed. He called out Delenn's name, God's name, and Valen's name all at once. He swore he saw fireworks go off in the bedroom. Delenn sat back and watched him try to collect his thoughts, as he lay panting on the bed. She reached down to untie his ankles. As she removed the rope, she winced in sympathy. The rope had left nasty looking rope burns all across his ankles. She quickly untied the rope around his wrists. They looked even more painful than his legs. John looked over at her, still flat on his back unable to move more than just his head. "Where the hell did you learn that?" "From a book." She crossed the room, going into the bathroom, but didn't shut the door. She was looking for the limited med-kit they owned for the anti-bacterial ointment and some bandages for the deeper cuts. Finding it stashed under the sink, she returned with it to the bed to try to fix up John's wrists. \*Maybe I should have used softer rope\* she thought. She poured some of the ointment on to her fingertips, and gently applied it to his injured wrist. He howled the first time she touched his raw flesh, but the medicine had a numbing effect and soon the pain had diminished. "Now what are people going to say," he rasped out. He wanted to get up and get a drink of water, but he was physically exhausted. He looked at the chronometer next to the bed. 0223 hours, it said. \*Jesus! Where did the time go?\* Delenn picked up the comforter off the floor and draped it over his prone form. "They are going to wonder what happened to my wrists." "No they won't. You wear a long sleeved shirt everyday and suit jacket. Who is going to notice? Now stop worrying so much about appearances, and go to sleep." John's eyes were already sliding shut, but before he could drift off completely, he had to know one thing. "Delenn?" She had thrown on her nightgown and was just about to snuggle in next to him. "Yes?" "What were the duct tape and the four foot fluorescent tube for?" "One of the lights in the bathroom is burned out. I want you to fix it in the morning. Also, the cabinet in the kitchen is broken, and I was going to fix it with a little duct tape. It is the force that binds the universe together. Why? What did you think they were for?" She sat up on one arm so she could get a closer look at his face. Without moving his head, he looked over at her. "Nothing." "John Sheridan! What kind of person do you think I am? Next thing you

know, you will be thinking I am some sort of Minbari ax murderer."  
"I'm sorry!" He reached over to stroke her hair. "I love you." "I  
know. I love you too."

The End

These were the three examples of Tasteful, Erotic, and Porn. However,  
even I am too shy to write a really really pornographic tale of wild  
abandonment, so you got the light duty porn.

End  
file.